

11632 h 1
LOVE ELEGIES:

AND OTHER

P O E M S.

*Argiletanas mavis habitare tabernas,
Cum tibi, parve liber, scrinia nostra vacent.
Nescis, heu, nescis dominæ fastidia Romæ:
Crede mihi, nimium Martia turba sapit.
Ætherias, lascive, cupis volitare per auras:
I, fuge; sed poteris tutior esse domi. MART.*

L O N D O N :

Printed for T. DAVIES, in Russel-Street, Covent-Garden.
MDCCLXI.

[Price One Shilling.]

LOVE LETTERS



LONDON

Printed for J. DAVIES, in Rotten Row, Covent Garden.

MDCCLXI

[Price One Shilling.]

E L E G Y I.

'TIS night, dead night ; and o'er the plain
Darkness extends her ebon ray,
While wide along the gloomy scene
Deep Silence holds her solemn sway :

Throughout the earth no chearful beam
The melancholic eye surveys,
Save where the worm's fantastic gleam
The 'nighted traveller betrays :

The savage race (so Heav'n decrees)
No longer through the forest rove ;
All nature rests, and not a breeze
Disturbs the stillness of the grove :

All nature rests; in Sleep's soft arms
 The village swain forgets his care:
 Sleep, that the sting of Sorrow charms,
 And heals all sadness but Despair:

Despair alone her pow'r denies,
 And, when the sun withdraws his rays,
 To the wild beach distracted flies,
 Or cheerless through the desert strays;

Or, to the church-yard's horrors led,
 While fearful echoes burst around,
 On some cold stone he leans his head,
 Or throws his body on the ground.

To some such drear and solemn scene,
 Some friendly pow'r direct my way,
 Where pale Misfortune's haggard train,
 Sad luxury! delight to stray.

- Wrapp'd

Wrapp'd in the solitary gloom,
 Retir'd from life's fantastic crew,
 Resign'd, I'll wait my final doom,
 And bid the busy world adieu.

The world has now no joy for me,
 Nor can life now one pleasure boast,
 Since all my eyes desir'd to see,
 My wish, my hope, my all, is lost ;

Since she, so form'd to please and bless,
 So wise, so innocent, so fair,
 Whose converse sweet made sorrow less,
 And brighten'd all the gloom of care,

Since she is lost : — Ye pow'rs divine,
 What have I done, or thought, or said,
 O say, what horrid act of mine
 Has drawn this vengeance on my head ?

Why

Why should Heav'n favour LYCON'S claim?

Why are my heart's best wishes crost?

What fairer deeds adorn his name?

What nobler merit can he boast?

What higher worth in him was found

My true heart's service to outweigh?

A senseless fop! — A dull compound

Of scarcely animated clay!

He dress'd, indeed, he danc'd with ease,

And charm'd her by repeating o'er

Unmeaning raptures in her praise,

That twenty fools had said before:

But I, alas, who thought all art

My passion's force would meanly prove,

Could only boast an honest heart,

And claim'd no merit but my love.

Have

Have I not fate—Ye conscious hours
 Be witness—while my STELLA sung,
 From morn to eve, with all my pow'rs
 Rapt in the enchantment of her tongue!

Ye conscious hours, that saw me stand
 Entranc'd in wonder and surprize,
 In silent rapture press her hand,
 With passion bursting from my eyes,

Have I not lov'd?—O earth and Heav'n!
 Where now is all my youthful boast?
 The dear exchange I hop'd was giv'n
 For flighted fame and fortune lost!

Where now the joys that once were mine?
 Where all my hopes of future bliss?
 Must I those joys, these hopes resign?
 Is all her friendship come to this?

Must

Must then each woman faithless prove,
 And each fond lover be undone?
 Are vows no more!—Almighty Love!
 The sad remembrance let me shun!

It will not be—My honest heart
 The dear sad image still retains;
 And, spight of reason, spight of art,
 The dreadful memory remains.

Ye pow'rs divine, whose wond'rous skill
 Deep in the womb of time can see,
 Behold, I bend me to your will,
 Nor dare arraign your high decree.

Let her be blest with health, with ease,
 With all your bounty has in store;
 Let sorrow cloud my future days,
 Be STELLA blest!—I ask no more.

Stella

But

But lo! where, high in yonder east,
The star of morning mounts apace!
Hence — let me fly the unwelcome guest,
And bid the Muse's labour cease.

B — E L E G Y

E L E G Y II.

WHEN, young, life's journey I began,
 The glittering prospect charm'd my eyes,
 I saw along the extended plan
 Joy after joy successive rise :

And Fame her golden trumpet blew ;
 And Pow'r display'd her gorgeous charms ;
 And Wealth engag'd my wand'ring view ;
 And Pleasure woo'd me to her arms :

To each by turns my vows I paid,
 As Folly led me to admire ;
 While Fancy magnify'd each shade,
 And Hope increas'd each fond desire :

But

But soon I found 'twas all a dream ;
 And learn'd the fond pursuit to shun,
 Where few can reach their purpos'd aim,
 And thousands daily are undone :

And Fame, I found, was empty air ;
 And Wealth had terror for her guest ;
 And Pleasure's path was strewn with care ;
 And Pow'r was vanity at best.

Tir'd of the chace, I gave it o'er ;
 And, in a far sequester'd shade,
 To Contemplation's sober pow'r
 My youth's next services I paid.

There health and peace adorn'd the scene ;
 And oft, indulgent to my pray'r,
 With mirthful eye and frolic mein,
 The Muse would deign to visit there :

There would she oft delighted rove
 The flow'r-enamell'd vale along ;
 Or wander with me through the grove,
 And listen to the woodlark's song ;

Or, 'mid' the forest's awful gloom,
 Whilst wild amazement fill'd my eyes,
 Recal past ages from the tomb,
 And bid ideal worlds arise.

Thus in the Muse's favour blest,
 One wish alone my soul could frame,
 And Heav'n bestow'd, to crown the rest,
 A friend, and THYRSIS was his name.

For manly constancy, and truth,
 And worth, unconscious of a stain,
 He bloom'd the flow'r of BRITAIN's youth,
 The boast and wonder of the plain.

Still

Still with our years our friendship grew ;
 No cares did then my peace destroy ;
 Time brought new blessings as he flew,
 And ev'ry hour was wing'd with joy.

But soon the blisful scene was lost,
 Soon did the sad reverse appear ;
 Love came, like an untimely frost,
 To blast the promise of my year.

I saw young DAPHNE's angel-form,
 (Fool that I was, I blest'd the smart)
 And, while I gaz'd, nor thought of harm,
 The dear infection seiz'd my heart.

She was — at least in DAMON's eyes —
 Made up of loveliness and grace,
 Her heart a stranger to disguise,
 Her mind as perfect as her face :

To

To hear her speak, to see her move,
 (Unhappy I, alas, the while !)
 Her voice was joy, her look was love,
 And Heav'n was open'd in her smile !

She heard me breathe my amorous pray'rs,
 She listen'd to the tender strain,
 She heard my sighs, she saw my tears,
 And seem'd at length to share my pain :

She said she lov'd—and I, poor youth !
 (How soon, alas, can Hope persuade !)
 Thought all she said no more than truth,
 And all my love was well repay'd.

In joys unknown to courts or kings,
 With her I fate the live-long day,
 And said and look'd such tender things,
 As none beside could look or say !

How

How soon can Fortune shift the scene
 And all our earthly bliss destroy?—
 Care hovers round, and Grief's fell train
 Still treads upon the heels of Joy.

My age's hope, my youth's best boast,
 My soul's chief blessing and my pride,
 In one sad moment all were lost,
 And DAPHNE chang'd, and THYRSIS dy'd.

O who, that heard her vows ere-while,
 Could dream these vows were insincere?
 Or who could think, that saw her smile,
 That fraud could find admittance there?

Yet she was false—my heart will break!
 Her frauds, her perjuries were such—
 Some other tongue than mine must speak—
 I have not pow'r to say how much!

Ye

Ye fwains, hence warn'd, avoid the bait,
 O fhun her paths, the traitrefs fhun !
 Her voice is death, her fmile is fate,
 Who hears, or fees her, is undone.

And, when Death's hand fhall clofe my eye,
 (For foon, I know, the day will come)
 O chear my fpirit with a figh,
 And grave thefe lines upon my tomb.

The E P I T A P H.

Consign'd to duft, beneath this ftone,
 In manhood's prime is DAMON laid;
 Joylefs he liv'd, and dy'd unknown
 In bleak misfortune's barren fhade.

Lov'd

Lov'd by the Muse, but lov'd in vain —
 'Twas beauty drew his ruin on ;
 He saw young DAPHNE on the plain ;
 He lov'd, believ'd, and was undone.

His heart then sunk beneath the storm,
 (Sad meed of unexampled truth)
 And sorrow, like an envious worm,
 Devour'd the blossom of his youth.

Beneath this stone the youth is laid —
 O greet his ashes with a tear !
 May heav'n with blessings crown his shade,
 And grant that peace he wanted here !

An INSCRIPTION

Written upon one of the * Tubs in Ham-walks ;

September, 1760.

DARK was the sky with many a cloud,
The fearful light'nings flash'd around,
Low to the blast the forest bow'd,
And bellowing thunders rock'd the ground ;

Fast fell the rains upon my head,
And weak and weary were my feet,
When Lo ! this hospitable shed
At length supply'd a kind retreat.

That

* Two feats in Ham walks, called Tubs, from their form, which resembles an hoghead split in two.

That in fair memory's faithful page
 The bard's escape may flourish long,
 Yet shuddering from the tempest's rage,
 He dedicates the votive song.

For ever sacred be the earth
 From whence the tree it's vigour drew !
 The hour that gave the seedling birth !
 The forest where the scyon grew !

Long honour'd may his ashes rest,
 Who first the tender shoot did rear !
 Blest be his name ! — But doubly blest
 The friendly hand that plac'd it here !

O ne'er may war, or wind, or wave,
 This pleasurable scene deform,
 But time still spare the seat, which gave
 The poet shelter from the storm !

V E R S E S

Written upon a pedestel beneath a row of elms in a meadow near RICHMOND Ferry, belonging to RICHARD OWEN CAMBRIDGE, Esq. September, 1760.

* **Y**E green-hair'd Nymphs, whom PAN allows
 To guard from harm these favour'd boughs ;
 Ye blue-ey'd NAIADS of the stream,
 That soothe the warm poetic dream ;
 Ye elves and sprights, that thronging round,
 When midnight darkens all the ground,
 In antic measures uncontroul'd,
 Your fairy sports and revels hold,
 And up and down, where e'er ye pass,
 With many a ringlet print the grass ;

If

* The first line of this little piece is borrowed from an Ode of Mr. MASON's, published in DODSLEY's Miscellanies.

If e'er the bard hath hail'd your pow'r
 At morn's grey dawn, or ev'ning hour ;
 If e'er by moon-light on the plain
 Your ears have caught the enraptur'd strain ;
 From ev'ry flow'ret's velvet head,
 From rev'rend THAMES's oozy bed,
 From these mofs'd elms, where, prison'd deep,
 Conceal'd from human eyes, ye sleep,
 If these your haunts be worth your care,
 Awake, arise, and hear my pray'r !

O banish from this peaceful plain
 The perjur'd nymph, the faithless swain,
 The stubborn heart, that scorns to bow
 And harsh rejects the honest vow :
 The fop, who wounds the virgin's ear,
 With aught that sense would blush to hear,
 Or, false to honour, mean and vain,
 Defames the worth he cannot stain :

The

The light coquet, with various art,
 Who casts her net for ev'ry heart,
 And smiling flatters to the chace
 Alike the worthy and the base :
 The dame, who, proud of virtue's praise,
 Is happy if a sister strays,
 And, conscious of unclouded fame,
 Delighted, spreads the tale of shame :
 But far, O ! banish'd far be they,
 Who hear unmov'd the orphan's cry,
 Who see, nor wish to wipe away,
 The tear that swells the widow's eye ;
 The unloving man, whose narrow mind
 Disdains to feel for human-kind,
 At others' bliss whose cheek ne'er glows,
 Whose breast ne'er throbs with others' woes,
 Whose hoarded sum of private joys
 His private care alone destroys ;

Ye fairies cast your spells around
And guard from such this hallow'd ground !

But welcome all, who fight with truth,
Each constant maid and faithful youth,
Whom mutual love alone hath join'd,
Sweet union of the willing mind !
Hearts pair'd in heav'n, not meanly fold,
Law-licens'd prostitutes for gold :
And welcome thrice, and thrice again,
The chosen few, the worthy train,
Whose steady feet, untaught to stray,
Still tread where virtue marks the way ;
Whose souls no thought, whose hands have known
No deed, which honour might not own ;
Who, torn with pain, or stung with care,
In others' bliss can claim a part,
And, in life's brightest hour, can share
Each pang that wrings another's heart :

Ye

Ye guardian Spirits, when such ye see,
 Sweet peace be theirs, and welcome free!
 Clear be the Sky from clouds or show'rs!
 Green be the turf, and fresh the flow'rs!

And that the youth, whose pious care
 Lays on your shrine this honest pray'r,
 May, with the rest, admittance gain,
 And visit oft this pleasant scene,
 Let all who love the Muse attend!
 Who loves the Muse is virtue's friend.

Such then alone may venture here,
 Who, free from guilt, are free from fear;
 Whose wide affections can embrace
 The whole extent of human race;
 Whom Virtue and her friends approve;
 Whom CAMBRIDGE and the Muses love.

The E N D.

